THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Established March 4, 1885. Made Famous in the Story of "Jonathan and His Continent," by Max O'Rell.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor. • "Of a Noisy World, With News From All Nations Lumb'ring at His Back," • $1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance

TWELFTH YEAR. HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1896. NUMBER 29.

Easy to Take
Easy to Operate

Are features peculiar to Hood's Pills. Small in size, tasteless, efficient, thorough. As one man said: "You never know you have taken a pill till it is all over." 25c. C. I. Hood & Co., Proprietors, Lowell, Mass. The only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills

Lexington and Eastern Railway.

Time Table in Effect April 1, 1896.

WEST BOUND.

STATIONS	No. 1. Daily.	No. 5. Daily, ex. Sunday.
Lexington...	10 00 am	4 35 pm
Avon.....	9 31 am	3 55 pm
Winchester	9 10 am	2 25 pm
Fairlie.....	8 54 am	2 00 pm
Indian F'lds	8 37 am	1 10 pm
Clay City.....	8 19 am	11 40 am
Stanton	8 10 am	11 20 am
Filson.....	7 55 am	10 48 am
Dundee.....	7 43 am	10 17 am
Nat. Bridge..	7 38 am	10 07 am
Torrent	7 24 am	9 35 am
Beattyv'e Je	7 03 am	8 25 am
Three F'ks C	6 53 am	8 00 am
Athol	6 32 am	7 18 am
Elkatawa.....	6 08 am	6 30 am
Jackson	6 00 am	6 10 am

EAST BOUND.

STATIONS.	No. 2. Daily.	No. 6. Daily ex. Sunday.
Lexington ...	2 20 pm	6 30 am
Avon.....	2 47 pm	7 08 am
Winchester..	3 07 pm	8 10 am
Fairlie.....	3 21 pm	8 54 am
Indian F'lds	3 37 pm	9 24 am
Clay City.....	3 55 pm	11 45 am
Stanton.....	4 05 pm	12 10 pm
Filson	4 18 pm	12 41 pm
Dundee	4 32 pm	1 15 pm
Nat. Bridge..	4 37 pm	1 26 pm
Torrent	4 51 pm	2 00 pm
Beattyv'e Je	5 16 pm	3 05 pm
ThreeF'ks C	5 26 pm	3 25 pm
Athol	5 48 pm	4 12 pm
Elkatawa.....	6 12 pm	5 05 pm
Jackson	6 20 pm	5 20 pm

Nos. 1 and 2 arrive and depart from C. & O. Union depot at Lexington. All freight trains arrive and depart from Netherland.

J. D. LIVINGSTON,
Vice Pres. and Gen. Man.

CHAS. SCOTT, Gen. Pass. Agent.

UNTIL

NOVEMBER 1st.

Our $ 5.00	Watches at	$ 3.00
" 8.00	"	6.00
" 10.00	"	7.00
" 20.00	"	15.00
" 100.00	"	75.00

FINE DIAMOND RINGS
$7.50 and upward.

GOOD VALUES
—AT—
$10.00 and upward.

Alarm Clocks, at 90c. and upward.
Fine Clocks, at $3.50 and upward.

A line of Sterling Silver and Plated Ware suitable for Wedding Gifts at proportionately low prices.

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MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.,
The Store of All the People
111-116 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

THE OLD SILVER DOLLAR.

Parody on "The Old Oaken Bucket."

BY R. C. KING.

How dear to my heart are the thoughts of the past
When fond recollection presents them to view,
How I worked in my shop while my trade came in fast,
And I and my workmen had plenty to do.

For the old silver dollar,
Our daddy's bright dollar,
The bright silver dollar,
Good for me and for you.

How glad did we welcome the farmers with plenty,
Our anvils kept ringing from sun until sun;
We worked with a will and cared not for tiring,
For good pay was sure when our day's work was done.

With the old greenback dollar,
Our daddy's good dollar,
The bright silver dollar,
Just sixteen to one.

As days rolled on and seasons passed by us,
How we counted our profits after debts were all paid,
And laid the foundation of hope for the future,
With no thought of disaster, or of e'er being dismayed.

Oh! the old silver dollar,
Our daddy's bright dollar,
Our sixteen to one dollar,
Now laid in the shade.

But now far removed from that God-given blessing
The tear of regret does intrusively swell,
And we hope for in vain what we should be possessing,
And are mocked as by demons whose abode is in hell.

Oh! the old silver dollar,
Our daddy's bright dollar,
The sixteen to one dollar,
We all love so well.

The gold bugs are sucking like vampires and leeches
The lifeblood of our nation, causing misery and shame,
Upholding the laws that common sense teaches
Was enacted by pirates, though in honor's fair name,

Robbing us of our dollar,
Our honest, good dollar,
Sixteen to one dollar,
Of world's widest fame.

Shall our people grow poorer while God in His goodness
Is smiling with plenty from hilltop and dale?
Will He not hear the cry of His children?
Does He not care for their bitterest wail?

Oh! give us our dollar,
Our honest, good dollar,
Our free silver dollar,
It never can fail.

Shall our farmers be robbed by these sharks of the devil?
And toil without pay for year after year,
Sinking lower and lower till below a slave's level,
They cast off their bondage and throw away fear.

Oh! give us our dollar,
Our free silver dollar,
The sixteen to one dollar,
Of which we all hear.

Oh, God! may we ask Thee for wisdom and power
To redeem our good nation from saddest despair;
Oh! save our great country from that saddest hour,
When the shriek of the shell shall again fill the air.

Restore us our dollar,
Our bright American dollar,
Our sixteen to one dollar,
So bright and so fair.

Think it Over.

Have you ever heard of a medicine with such a record of cures as Hood's Sarsaparilla? Don't you know that Hood's Sarsaparilla, the One True Blood Purifier, has proved, over and over again, that it has power to cure, even after all other remedies fail? If you have impure blood you may take Hood's Sarsaparilla with the utmost confidence that it will do you good.

Hood's Pills assist digestion. 25 cents.

WANTED—SEVERAL FAITHFUL MEN or women to travel for responsible established house in Kentucky. Salary $780, payable $15 weekly and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed envelope. The National, Star Building, Chicago. 22-48

EXCERPTS

From the Money Supplement of Pennsylvania Grit.

What is Said by Business Men, Contractors, Working Men and Others on the Money Question.

READ AND PONDER.

We republish a number of letters from persons representing different business industries in the various states, and all speak in the fullest terms, giving their reasons why the free coinage of silver should be adopted in the United States independent of any other nation:

IT MEANS BETTER CONDITIONS.

I am a naturalized citizen. Born in England, I came here in 1880 to escape the same financial condition of affairs then existing there that are rapidly being installed in the United States. For many years I realized what it was to have the money kings more powerful than the government under which I lived. Daily was I brought face to face with a moneyed aristocracy, and God save America from being cursed in that way. There is not an English miner in the state of Pennsylvania who does not know what a money aristocracy means. They know there is no freedom under such a class. The life of a toiler under such conditions is not as happy as was that of the American negro in the days of slavery. I live in slavery today. In writing these few lines to Grit I would be glad to have my name appear in full, were it not that to sign it would mean my discharge from the mine in which I work, for it has already been whispered around that the man who votes for Bryan will be the first to go should it be necessary to decrease the number employed. I am of the belief that the election of Bryan and Sewall means the free coinage of silver, and the free coinage of silver means better work in the mines, and therefore more money, and what is of more importance, it will bring political freedom to many today who dare not give free expression to their political views.

° ° °

GOLD AND SILVER ARE MONEY.

Gold and silver are our money. We have a double standard. I appeal to history to prove my argument. Did any other country in the short period of 83 years spring from 13 weak, unimportant colonies to a confederacy of states powerful enough to dictate terms to the greatest empire on the face of the globe? Did any other country issue a money backed at the time of its issue by no intrinsic value and yet have that money accepted in every part of the globe at its face value or at a premium? Did any other country in 83 years increase the volume of her commerce one-third as much as the United States did? Scarcely had our standard of government been raised when the few leaky boats which carried our commerce before the revolution no longed sufficed; but thousands upon thousands of the best boats that American shipbuilders could construct took their place.

Now the question arises: To what was this prosperity due? To what is the prosperity of a nation due? To what? To its money! So it's plainly seen that to the bimetallic standard we are indebted for those 83 years of prosperity, prior to the demonetization of silver in 1873, and for the 26 years of disaster we have had since the demonetization of silver in 1873, we can curse the monometallic standard.

° ° °

WOULD REVIVE BUSINESS.

I shall vote for the free coinage of silver because I believe it will revive the business industries of the country, which have been so long dormant. The success of our manufacturers depends entirely on the prosperity of our agricultural interest. Wheat and cotton are our two great staples that come into competition with the cheapest labor in the world. When the prices of these staples are low the farmer and the planter are deprived of the means of buying the conveniences and necessities which labor produces in our factories. This hurts not only the farmer, but the manufacturer, merchant and laborer, while there is no decrease in taxes, interest, fixed charges, mortgages, bonded indebtedness, rents, etc. The commercial value of an ounce of silver is about 69 cents. Under free coinage the value will be $1.29. Today the English merchant can buy wheat in India and place it at Liverpool or London for an ounce of silver which costs him 69 cents. Under free coinage his silver will cost him $1.29, forcing him to come to America for his wheat. The same argument applies to cotton. More than the mine owner are benefited by the free coinage of silver. Its benefits will radiate in every direction, reaching the remotest points of the east and south.

° ° °

DOWN WITH THE MONEY POWER.

It strikes me that all outside of the classes who make money out of money and not out of the active industries of this country should be for the free coinage of silver. I believe I possess ordinary intelligence, and I think I keep myself fairly well posted on what is being done in state and national legislation, but I must confess that I never knew until a few days ago the extent to which legislation by this and other governments has placed the civilized people of the world in the control of the money power—the money lenders—the holders of gold. Three years ago this class of patriots depleted the United States treasury of its surplus of gold, compelling the government to issue bonds to buy gold in order to keep the small sum of $100,000,000 in the treasury. Some time ago, when the drain on the treasury had reduced the amount close to the $100,000,000 mark, and the money power realizing that another issue of bonds before the election would make Bryan and Sewall sure winners, the money kings put their heads together with the result that gold was sent to the treasury in large quantities. That proves to me that the money kings have it in their power at any time to make gold scarce or plenty, just as it suits them. With silver again made a standard it would not be so easy to corner the coin money, and there would be fewer panics and greater prosperity.

Bryan's Speeches.

Since Lincoln this country has produced no political speaker the equal of William Jennings Bryan. He is an orator the matter of whose speeches is as good as their manner. No rhetorical ornament obscures his meaning. Plain to business, his words are as comprehensible to the man of ordinary intelligence and knowledge as to the educated. The simplicity of his diction, the energy of his argument, and the force of his directness combine to raise him as a popular speaker to a very high level. He has a message and delivers it. That is his one concern, and to his earnestness, this patent sincerity, is to be attributed much of the marvelous enthusiasm which is evoked whenever he mounts the stand.

Scan any one of the speeches which he pours out daily to the cheering people, and observe how full it is, how incisive, how brilliant in epigrammatic phrase, and how luminous with good sense. Necessarily these off hand addresses contain repetitions, and lapses now and again from literary compactness; but what other public man have we who could speak several times every day for weeks together and approach him in variety, strength and polish?

Whether Mr. Bryan shall be elected or not, this campaign of his will live in our political history. There never has been another like it. With a courage that rises under blows, a balance of mind and character that keeps him ever his calm, resolved self, he assails with reasoning the policy of his adversaries; meets, seriously or with sarcasm, as they may deserve, their criticisms of the party's platform or himself, and through it all shines his frank and manly nature.

Bryan has already proved his quality to the American people. He is a man of intellect, of rare talents and sound judgment, and as brave and skillful a fighter as the warfare of politics has ever brought to the front. He has broken down the pompous tradition that a candidate for our Chief Magistracy is of necessity too august a personage to go about among the people like one of themselves and give reasons for the faith that is in him. And he has disposed forever of the politician's hoary superstition that it is unsafe for a candidate to talk.

If William Jennings Bryan reaches the presidency he will owe his place to his own addresses far more than to any efforts which others are making for him. They are great speeches.—Carlisle Mercury.

BIGGER WAGES

Promised Workmen If Bryan Is Elected President.

A special from Newark, O., to the Cincinnati Enquirer says that city presents the now novel spectacle of a factory voluntarily offering to increase its employes' wages, the offer being accompanied by the provision that the advance depends upon the election of William Jennings Bryan to the presidency of the United States. Readers of speeches delivered by Major McKinley and his capitalistic friends have been taught to believe that a Bryan victory means closed factories, idle mills and starving families. This belief has in some instances been strengthened by assertions from manufacturers themselves.

A company employing labor exists in this community that, instead of attempting to coerce its employes or trying to induce them to vote for McKinley, is generous enough to admit that under the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold wages will go up, not down.

THE NOTICE POSTED.

This company indulges in no idle predictions, but has posted a promise at its factory. The company is the Central City Stove works, the following being a copy of the bulletin:

> To EMPLOYES: Notice is hereby given that in case of William Jennings Bryan's election as President of the United States on November 3, 1896, this company will immediately thereafter give the employes in every department an advance of 10 per cent in their wages. C. M. CUNNINGHAM, President.

C. W. Cunningham, president and manager of the company, said to the Enquirer correspondent that he and nearly all of his employes have been life-long Republicans, but that they are all for Bryan and free silver.

Mr. Cunningham said that the above notice had been posted because the company realized that under free coinage increased business would

JUSTIFY INCREASED WAGES.

The company, believing implicitly in the advantages free silver would have in putting men to work, restoring prosperity and giving men money with which to buy, is willing to share its prosperity with its men.

President Cunningham, who is a practical molder, then went on to show how molders' wages prior to 1873 were 50 per cent higher than they are today; how, after silver was demonetized, there was a gradual decline until the passage of the Bland Allison act in 1878, which revived the west, increased the demand for molders' products and resulted in increased wages.

Business depression six years later caused another decline. In his opinion nothing will restore permanent prosperity but the restoration of silver. In concluding Mr. Cunningham remarked: "Do you know of any factories offering increased wages if McKinley is elected? I don't."

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, : : : KY.

MARS.

It may be there are forms of human life
Upon old continents of shrouded stars;
It may be there are men grown mad with strife
Among the fields and woods and hills of Mars.

Some day, perhaps, we shall look on the face
Of one who dwells within that sister sphere,
And wonder if his soul has sweeter grace
Than any soul of ours that sorrows here.

If he has loved, as we may love, in vain;
If he has striven in cruel coils of hate;
If loss with him has been the end of gain;
If he has learned to live—and learned too late.

Yet it may be that this new brother dwells
In ways more gentle than terrestrial ways,
That night brings peace to him and halcyon spells,
That dawns are harbingers of golden days;

And it may be that he is patient, brave,
Fraternal yet forgiving, strong yet meek,
And that his world is like the dream we crave,
Like some utopia we divinely seek.
—George E. Montgomery, in Harper's Magazine.

THE RAID ON THE STILL.

"Just thought I would stop by a minute, Miranda, if to say nothing more than I hoped you were all well," said Mrs. Jonathan Jackson to her friend, Mrs. Samuel Pearl.

"Take a seat, Elizabeth, and make yourself at home. It's precious little conversation, though, one can have with one's neighbor about what's going on in the mountains, with the men folks talking nothing all the time except about them revenue sharks." And Mrs. Pearl looked uneasily through the window of the little sitting-room that commanded a general view of the mountain road that skirted past her home like the trail of a serpent and was lost in the gloom of the cedar trees that, mingling with the dense underbrush, caught the eye on all sides.

"How's Alice?" asked Mrs. Pearl, rather abruptly.

"Fair es can be expected, Elizabeth. The girl don't seem to be the same creature since Ike went away, though the Lord knows I thought a great deal of the boy; more so than I ever let on to Jonathan. But Jonathan was down on the lad, and what's a weak woman going to do against a strong man's opposition?" And Mrs. Jonathan Jackson sighed.

"Been five years now, Miranda, since Ike went away. I always wondered why he left here, but folks can't be personal, you know, and ask questions that don't concern them," Mrs. Pearl said, inquisitively, drawing her chair a few inches nearer to Mrs. Jonathan Jackson.

"Well, Elizabeth, knowing you don't talk about other people's business"—and here Mrs. Jackson looked suspiciously at her guest—"I don't mind telling you of the affair. Ike Holland, you see, Jonathan took out of an orphan asylum when the boy was about two years old, and brought him home to raise. Jonathan had been on a visit to Nashville, and thought nothing would be better than to bring the lad here. 'Twas a little before Alice was born, and the boy, it seems, became attached to the girl from her birth. But Jonathan was proud, and he used to tell Ike how he came to be in the family, and that he owed him a great deal. You know how Ike grew up to manhood, and how it was said that in these parts there wasn't one who could stand up and fight the revenue officers like him? There's many a distillery which the lad saved by warning the owners, and Jonathan himself is under obligations to the boy on that score. But the day came when I saw that Ike thought a great deal of my girl, and that she wasn't at all displeased with his attentions. But Jonathan was blind; never seemed to see that the two were forever in each other's company. One day Ike, man-like, tells Jonathan he wished to marry the girl. But Jonathan became furious, and told him he wasn't anything but a miserable outcast—an object of charity. He went further; he struck the lad a terrible blow. That was his answer. Ike did not strike back. I heard him matter something, 'for Alice's sake.' But the lad raised his hand and swore that he would even up things with Jonathan, if it took until judgment day. Then he went away, and no one has ever heard of him since."

Mrs. Jackson sighed softly to herself. Mrs. Pearl's eyes were wide open with surprise, and she wondered how the story of Ike's disappearance had remained a secret so long.

"Getting dark, Miranda, and I guess I had better be going up the road," and Mrs. Jackson bade her friend good-by.

The November sun was gradually disappearing behind the mountains and the long shadows of the fading sunlight cast spectral figures here and there among the trees.

Mrs. Jackson then lighted the oil lamp and made ready for the evening supper. Presently the sound of a conveyance was heard in the roadway, and Jonathan Jackson and his daughter Alice alighted. They had been down to the village, a ride of 20 miles over the mountain roads, to provide themselves with some necessary supplies.

"What's the news in the village, Jonathan?" inquired his wife.

"Nothing much; some reports out about the revenue officers, though I don't take much stock in the stories." And Jonathan relapsed into a moody silence.

The rest of the meal was eaten in quiet, and after the dishes were cleared away Jonathan sat comfortably by the fire and smoked his pipe, as the November evenings were becoming chilly and unpleasant.

Ater an hour had passed there was the sound of a horseman approaching near to the house, and a moment later some one knocked at the door.

Jonathan rose, surprised, from his seat and opened the door.

"Does Jonathan Jackson live here?" inquired the newcomer.

"My name is Jonathan Jackson," answered the master of the house. "What is your business?" And Jonathan looked at the stranger with suspicion.

"I am making a journey over the mountains, and would like to stay here to-night at least."

For a moment Jonathan Jackson looked surprised; then he bade the stranger enter, while he went outside and put up his horse.

In the light of the room the stranger appeared to be a man of some 30 years of age. He possessed a dark beard of luxuriant growth, which concealed what would be considered a handsome face were it bereft of its hirsuite appendage. The guest took his seat near the fire and kept his pace. In a few minutes Jonathan returned and joined the family circle.

"It appears to me, stranger, I saw you to-day in the village," Jonathan ventured.

"Possibly; I was there," the guest answered.

"On business?"

"On business."

Then Jonathan was silent for a moment. He was apparently ill at ease.

"I suppose you have heard that it is pretty dangerous traveling in these parts?" again ventured Jonathan.

"Is it?" said the stranger, and Jonathan become more dissatisfied with his way of eliciting information.

"Stranger, it appears to me that it might be better that you give your name and business in traveling over these mountains," Jonathan spoke bluntly.

The stranger's eyes flashed like coals of fire, and then he answered, calmly:

"My name is Arthur Smith. My business was that of a moonshiner or keeper of an illicit distillery—that is, until I was driven out of North Carolina."

"Why, why tell me this?" Jonathan asked, surprised.

"Because I believe I am speaking with a brother moonshiner. Probably you may be able to refer me to some one in these parts who may need my services."

"We will have to see about it," said the master of the house, without committing himself, and in a few minutes Smith was shown to his room as the night was getting late.

II.

The next morning Jonathan went out early and returned soon after with some of his neighbor's friends. Smith was up on Jonathan's return, and the men all held a short conference together, which seemed to prove satisfactory all around. The result was that the stranger, Arthur Smith, had joined the band of illicit distillers carrying on their calling in the mountains. For the present Smith put up at the house of Jonathan, and in the evening, before darkness approached, went to the latter's still, located at an old mill on the bank of a rushing torrent some distance up the mountain, which in days gone by had been used to grind their corn, which they purchased from the farmers on the lowlands below.

Reports had reached the mountaineers that strangers had been seen in the village at the foot of the mountains, and the secret stills were rarely in operation of late. Smith, the stranger, owing to the late turn in affairs, had plenty of spare time on his hands, and would wander off alone up the mountain road, and turn off into the dense undergrowth to be gone hours at a time. He was a particularly reticent man, never ventured a question, and answered those put to him in the most laconic way imaginable. Once in awhile, when the others were not looking, his gaze would be riveted on Alice, and Mrs. Jackson would shrewdly smile to herself and declare inaudibly that the girl had made a conquest.

One evening, as darkness was coming on, Alice returned from the house of Mrs. Pearl, where she had paid a short visit, and coming suddenly around a bend in the road she observed two men in earnest conversation. One was Arthur Smith, the other a stranger. Only for a moment did the two men seem to converse, and soon the newcomer had disappeared. When Smith reached Jonathan's house it was but shortly after Alice arrived.

Lately the mountain stills had been operated more frequently than for some time. The reports of the revenue officers infesting the mountains had become less frequent, and the stills were being operated with a greater degree of security.

"We had better be getting up the mountain, lad," Jonathan said, one evening in December. Supper had been prepared earlier than usual, for Jonathan's still was to be worked in the growing dusk.

"I'll follow you in half an hour. Feel rather badly to-day, but believe I'll be all right in a short while," Smith answered, indifferently.

"Very well, Smith. I'll expect you," and Jonathan departed.

Probably some 20 minutes had elapsed when Smith left the house and leisurely made his way toward the secret still. Alice watched the stranger closely, and when Smith had disappeared she threw a shawl over her head—there was an unpleasant chilliness in the mountain air—and followed in his wake.

The old mill which concealed the still was some three-quarters of a mile from Jonathan's house, and as Alice proceeded on her way she occasionally caught a glimpse of the forms of strange men in the dense undergrowth, going evidently in the same direction with herself. Once a strange man glanced at her suspiciously, but did not molest her. He was armed with a shotgun, and took her probably for some one who was returning from a visit to a neighboring mountaineer's home.

Soon the girl reached the old mill. In the evening twilight the sun was fast disappearing behind the mountains, leaving a faint glare in its wake which lit up the scene with a soft, golden light. Smith, the stranger, was standing motionless in front of the mill, peering anxiously now and then into the dense undergrowth on both sides of the stream, which in past days had furnished the motive power for the now useless wheel. Alice Jackson watched Smith intently for a moment and then approached him and laid her hand gently on his shoulder.

"Ike, why do you hound my father like this?" spoke the girl, softly.

Smith gazed at his questioner in a startled way for a moment, and then with an effort recovered his usual air of stolid indifference.

"You know me, Alice. I had hoped time had wrought such a change in my nature and looks that none would recognize me. You probably know why I am here."

"You are a revenue officer, and your presence here at this moment is to signal your men, who are here on all sides, to trap my father and the few men who are in the still."

"I see you know all. When I left your father's house, as I did, like a beggar and an outcast, I swore to ruin him. If I signal now to my men in the woods in a few minutes I will have the evidence necessary to send him to the penitentiary. And yet, if you had only taken my part, all might have been different." And Ike Holland's voice grew soft and sad.

"How could I take your part, Ike, except by going with you—and you never asked me to do that," spoke the girl, feelingly.

"And would you have done so?"

Ike did not need an answer to his question. In a moment he realized that he, the hunter of Jonathan Jackson, was still beloved by his daughter. In the growing darkness of the evening the two strolled back to Jonathan's house, and the men in the woods who awaited their leader's signal wondered what change had taken place in Ike Holland's plans. Jonathan was also disappointed in not seeing Smith at the still, and after that night he never saw him there again.

"I hear that Alice eloped with that young man who was stopping here," said the irresistible Mrs. Pearl a few days after the events last narrated. "Some says as he was nobody other than Ike Holland, though I never did put much confidence in idle gossip."

Mrs. Pearl had heard of the late turn in affairs, and had paid Mrs. Jackson a neighborly call to verify sundry rumors which interested her very much.

"Yes; Ike and Alice were married in Nashville two days ago," answered Jonathan's wife.

"And what does Jonathan say?" ruthlessly questioned Mrs. Pearl.

"What can he say?" and Mrs. Jackson's eyes snapped resentment at the question. "He's got sensible at last, and says he never would have given Ike Holland credit for such courage. Anyway, now that he has got a son-in-law a revenue officer, he declares he is going to quit keeping a still and live an honest life. Maybe one of these days I may persuade Jonathan to run down to Nashville with me, but not just yet.—Washington Star.

The Receptive Faculty.

The receptive faculty needs constant cultivation. In the very earliest year it may be trained and developed. Children are, it is true, always receiving, but few are taught how to receive. They can be accustomed to habits of observation and attention, to sentiments of sympathy and gratitude, to a sense of responsibility for the use of what is conferred upon them. The same dew that falls upon a stone falls also on the thirsty flower; but the stone is unchanged by its presence, while the flower eagerly drinks it up and draws from it fresh vitality for its own growth. So good influences are everywhere abroad, falling alike on the callous and the sensitive, on those who are scarcely conscious of them and those who welcome them with eagerness, use them with intelligence and draw from them ever new and fresh vital power.—N. Y. Weekly.

PROSPERITY AND USURY.

Ground of the Struggle Between the Two Parties.

The Public Ledger quotes Mr. McKinley as follows: "No matter what kind of money we have, we cannot get it unless we have work. Whether it is poor money or whether it is good money, whether it is gold or whether it is silver, we cannot get one dollar of it unless we have employment for our hands and heads."

How about issuing watered stock by the ton in Wall street?

How about the "unearned increment," as it is called, of the Astor real estate in the city of New York?

How about the railway that takes advantage of its monopoly to gouge the public out of fares ten times as high as other roads charge for the same service?

How about the stock and the produce gamblers who get a corner on wheat or something else, and sweat their victims out of untold millions?

Possibly Mr. McKinley considers all these and a thousand other ways of plundering the public—all of which, by the way, should rightly go to the producers who make such values possible—as a reward for the "employment of their heads."

But aside from Mr. McKinley's loose way of talking, the Ledger printed it to offset Mr. Bryan's attitude, that free silver will help the American workman. The Ledger adds that if Mr. Bryan were correct, there would be no opposition from intelligent people to "substituting the silver standard for the gold standard."

See right here how hard it is for the Public Ledger to confine itself to the truth. Neither the democratic platform nor Mr. Bryan has ever said a word about such a substitution, and the Ledger knows such to be the fact; but it would falsify to seemingly make out a stronger case for itself than it has.

The Ledger then says that neither Mr. Bryan nor his supporters have produced a tittle of evidence to prove the truth of the quoted position, that free silver will help the American workman. That is false. But without going into history, the Item will again explain a fraction of the facts showing Mr. Bryan to be perfectly correct.

Free silver increases employment. It enables the people to get work. It stops this closing down of mills. It stops these failures daily taking place. It causes a rising market, which is the chief stimulus to the extension of new and old enterprises. It tends in the direction of booming business of all kinds, for promoters see in it a chance to get a reward for enterprise. It tends to increase wages. It tends to give much more employment to all classes of hands. It promotes construction of all kinds. It gives the farmer fair returns for his labor. It enables him to live. It increases the value of farm property. It increases the security of the mortgages upon it. It enables the worker to save something from his wages. It increases the earnings of railways. It gives railways far more business. It stops railway failures when failures are the result of insufficient earnings. It increases the sales of manufacturers. It increases the sales of the wholesaler. It increases the sales of the retailers in all lines. Consequently all these must employ more help, can afford to pay higher wages. Even the banks can earn greater dividends, because of the increase of general trade. Thus luxuries can be bought, and the trade dependent upon luxuries be stimulated.

All this and much more in the same direction is the result of an increase of the volume of money now circulating in the channels of trade. Also, in preventing a good many corners in the money market such as the present. Also, in the stoppage of this 100 per cent. bounty business in silver-basis countries, which, if continued, will absolutely close nearly all the manufactories in the United States.

Free silver means protection to American industry. Mr. McKinley and the Public Ledger in opposing it, oppose the republican principle of protection; thus they stultify themselves by pretending to support the very opposite of what they actually do support.

If free silver will not increase the money volume sufficiently, then without doubt Mr. Bryan will advocate a form of money in addition thereto, that will afford this nation a proper increase. The people, under the auspices of usurers which Mr. McKinley and the Ledger are sustaining, have starved long enough.—Philadelphia Item.

OPINIONS AND POINTERS.

——There seems to be an underground railroad between the Indianapolis convention and Mark Hanna's barrel.—Philadelphia Item.

A FEW REALLY PERTINENT QUESTIONS.

VICEROY LI HUNG CHANG TO VICEROY HANNA:

How rich are you?

Did you make any of your money reducing workingmen's wages?

If the free coinage of silver would, as you say, tend to reduce the wages of the workingmen, why are *you* opposed to it?

* * *

Who gives you all the money you are spending now?

What do you promise in return for it?

* * *

How do you make Mr. McKinley do what you tell him?

Will he keep on doing it when he is president?

How did you get hold of him first?

Do you consider that those notes are a good investment?

——Mr. McKinley must agree that if the anti-trust law is not to be enforced it ought to be repealed. Which alternative does he favor?—N. Y. World.

——Now that Gen. Grant's son Jesse has abandoned the republican party, we shall wait impatiently for Mark Hanna to brand him as an anarchist.—Kansas City Times.

——The Vermont democratic platform being in all respects opposed to the national democratic platform, it is not surprising that disgusted democrats staid at home or voted the republican ticket.—Atlanta Constitution.

——Have you noticed how all the "distinguished" men of England are flocking to this country? Their purpose is to aid in the election of McKinley, so that England shall continue to rule us with the gold standard.—Philadelphia Item.

——Equal opportunity to all and special aid to none—that sums up the democratic faith, as Mr. Lehmann said in his speech at Indianapolis. Does anyone expect that doctrine to be put in force if McKinley be elected?—St. Louis Republic.

——Bryan's popularity with the farmers must make Boss Hanna and his associates tremble for the result in November. The agricultural population has always been the mainstay of the republican party in this country, in spite of the fact that the policy of protection was always more beneficial to the manufacturing interests than the farmers. If the farmers abandon McKinley, his cause is hopeless indeed, and all the indications show that they are flocking by tens and hundreds of thousands to Bryan at the present time. Denver Republican.

THE FARMING WORLD.

FROZEN MILK BLOCKS.

Copenhagen Is Building a Plant for Their Manufacture.

Milk may be bought by the brick in summer, just the same as some kinds of ice cream. It will be frozen solid, though, and if intended for use as soon as received in the household the lacteal fluid for the tea or coffee will have to be chipped off with the handle of the knife or fork, according to the quantity desired in the drink. Perhaps at the Waldorf, at Delmonico's and other resorts of the wealthy the frozen milk may be seen in cubes, like sugar, or in pats, like butter, and a man may order a lump of milk with his coffee and rolls, as well as a lump of sugar or "another pat of butter, please."

From a fad frozen milk has grown to be more or less of a necessity in the warmer countries in Europe, and some of the larger dairymen in and about New York are seriously discussing the practicability of introducing the custom as an experiment. It is claimed that if the milk should be first frozen it is just as impervious to the gathering of disease germs as is boiled milk or water.

Many persons do not take kindly to the idea of frozen milk, or even preserved milk. Fresh milk in cans, they claim, can be kept fresh for 16 hours, and if it does not remain sweet for that length of time they conclude that the milk was not fresh when poured into the cans, or that the cans were not clean.

The trade in foreign importations of frozen milk and cream is yet in its infancy, but advices recently received by American dairymen indicate that the industry will be speedily developed to greater proportions, especially in Holland. The Belgian government designs to increase the trade at an annual outlay of $50,000, and in Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, a company has been formed and arrangements have been completed for the regular export of frozen milk. The necessary plant has been erected and contracts have been made already for the delivery of 110,000 pounds per week, which will be sent to all parts of the world in bricks or blocks like ice.

If the lines laid down in European countries were closely followed the health inspector would arrange these lists so that simultaneous occurrence of infectious diseases in a number of families served by the same ice-milkman would be promptly discovered and the mischief checked.—N. Y. Journal.

PROTECTION FOR HAY.

A Good Structure, Although There Is Not Very Much to It.

A good way, even if it is somewhat old, of cheaply protecting hay and fodder is to make an open structure with a roof that can be raised or lowered,

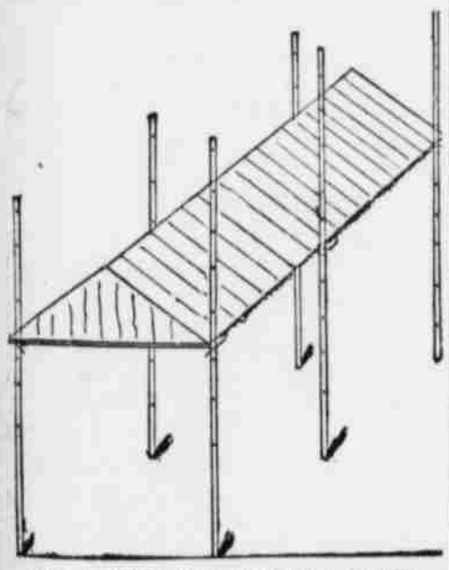


Fig. 1—HAY AND FODDER SHED.

as necessary to receive and best protect the hay or fodder beneath. As usually built, it is a four-post affair, one post (strongly set in the ground) at each corner; but if the shed is one of considerable length six posts are used, as shown in the accompanying cut (Fig. 1). What in an ordinary building constitute the plates here become a frame, which at each corner embraces the post in manner shown at A in Fig. 2. If any posts additional to those at the corners are put down, an iron stirrup is used, as depicted at B. The cover, or roof, over the frame should be made of the lightest obtainable material that will turn rain. When raised or lowered it is secured in place by iron pins stuck into holes bored in the posts for that purpose. A jack screw, if to be had (two jackscrews would be better) will be a great help in raising the adjustable roof. There is a jackscrew made that clamps to an upright post, which would here be just the thing. This is the cheapest possible hay protector, as there is hardly anything to it but the roof.—G. W. Waters, in Journal of Agriculture.

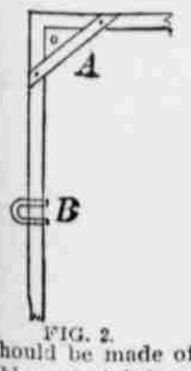


FIG. 2.

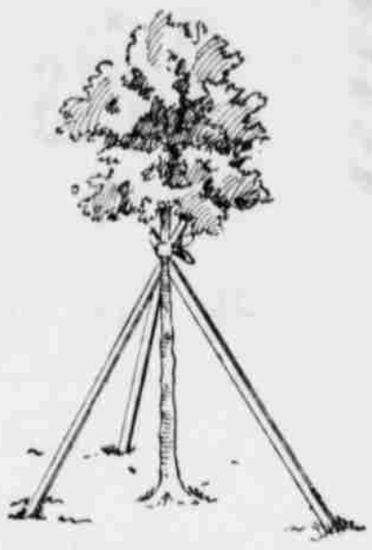
While cherries thrive in a rich soil, too much moisture is injurious. Hence the necessity for providing good drainage.

Divide the pasture into two or more lots and you will gain in food and milk.

PROTECTOR FOR TREES.

How to Stake Out a Large Orchard with Very Little Labor.

The cut shows a simple but effective method of supporting young trees, especially where a large orchard is set. In such case, the saving of a little labor at each tree amounts to a great deal in the case of the whole orchard. The trunk of the tree rests in the angle between three stakes, and is held there by a strip of cloth used as a string. The cloth is twisted about so as to have a fold of it between the trunk and the stakes, to prevent chafing. The three stakes are bound together by a bit of wire. The



PROTECTOR FOR TREES.

cloth will stretch and loosen sufficiently so that the growing trunk of the tree will not be bound at all. A large orchard can be staked out in this way with very little labor, and the result will prove very satisfactory, as everyone of the three stakes acts as a brace—something that cannot be said of such as are driven about the tree perpendicularly.—Country Gentleman.

GARDEN AND ORCHARD.

Evaporating is a good way of saving fruit when there is not a good market for it.

Some varieties of fruit, like the cherry, after they start to grow, need little if any pruning.

Cultivate all orchards sparingly now. Give the trees time to ripen their wood before winter.

When there is an over-supply of fruit the fallen fruit can be fed to the hogs to good advantage.

In sending any kind of fruit to market it will pay to sort carefully before packing for shipment.

In the selection of trees for planting look carefully after the roots and see that they are all right.

One advantage with low-headed trees is that it is easier to gather the fruit from them when it is ripe.

Better take a little time to water the young growing trees now than to run the risk of losing the tree.

About the only objection to low-headed trees is that the branches interfere with the work of cultivating.

Early in the fall, when the growth is completed and the wood ripened, is a good time to prune apple trees.

All things considered, there are few fruits that can be grown as economically as the grapeor the cherry.

Whatever tends to promote the general health and thrift of the tree will also help to free both tree and fruit from blight and scab.—St. Louis Republic.

BOGUS PARIS GREEN.

It Is Sold in Large Quantities to California Fruit Growers.

Mr. B. M. Lelong, at the meeting of the State Horticultural society of California, is reported to have stated as follows:

"In the past two years enormous quantities of paris green have been sold to growers, much of which was of very inferior quality. The results were equally as poor, and many growers have thus become prejudiced against its use. Samples of paris green have been examined with astonishing results. Several samples, although of nearly the same shade of color as the pure paris green, were found to be a mixture of prussian blue and chrome yellow, clay and chalk. Others were found to contain no arsenious acid. In many cases the fault lies with the fruit growers themselves, for we have continually advised them to use the pure article, which costs 20 cents per pound. This advice has been disregarded to a considerable extent and the cheapest grades have been purchased, with little or no results. It was only last week that an extensive apple grower visited several stores in quest of paris green, refused the pure at 20 cents, and had a large quantity shipped to him at 4¾ cents per pound. You can therefore imagine the results he will have."—Pacific Rural Press.

Summer Salad.

In a salad bowl put first a layer of fresh, crisp water cress, then a layer of thinly-sliced cucumbers which have been soaked in cold water for 15 minutes, then a teaspoonful of minced chives, then another layer of cucumbers, and around the edge a light border of cresses. When ready to serve, pour a French dressing over it and toss it over until well mingled. This is a nice salad to serve with broiled fish.—Good Housekeeping.

THE SNAKE DANCE.

Account of One Witnessed Among the Moki Indians.

At a signal from the leader, Kopeli, they entered the plaza in a single file, on a rapid walk, and after circling the plaza, ranged themselves in a slightly curved line before the tent of cottonwood boughs in which the snakes were placed, and on each side of which the 15 Antelope-priests stood in line singing a wild and guttural chant.

A wilder hum arose, a portentous, guttural, snarling sound, which passed soon to a strong, manly, marching chant, full of sudden, deep-falling, stern cadences. Then Kopeli, the snake-chief, and the one second to him joined arms and danced slowly down before the kisi. They stopped, and when they arose Kopeli held in his mouth a snake. His companion placed his left arm over the snake-thief's shoulders, and together they turned, circling to the left. The snake hung quietly from the snake-priest's mouth. It was held at about nine inches from the head. Behind him walked the third man, the snake-gatherer. They passed with a quick, strong step, one might almost say with a lope, in time to the singing.

Immediately behind came another group, the snake-carrier holding an entire snake in his mouth, the head protruding about an inch. These two were followed by a third man, the snake-gatherer; and soon the entire line of 53 snake-priests had broken into 11 groups and were circling the plaza, one man in each group carrying from one to three snakes in his mouth. The singing continued, stern and swift like a strong stream, and although at times the dancers lost step to the music, in general they may be said to have retained throughout all the rush of movement a tolerable accuracy of rhythm. A group of women stood near and threw sacred meal upon the men as they passed. They kept far from contact, I observed. The excitement of the spectators increased. I pushed close to the circle of dancing priests to study their faces.

One man passed with an enormous bull snake in his mouth. Its tail hung down to his knee. Each snake-carrier danced with his eyes closed and his chin thrust forward. The reasons for this were obvious. The little snakes were the most vicious, and struck repeatedly at the eyes and cheeks of the priests.

One man went by with two large rattlesnakes in his mouth. Another held a rattlesnake and two large bull snakes between his lips; and a third priest, to silence all question of his superiority, crowded into his mouth four snakes! The gatherer who followed him held in the fingers of his left hand six or eight snakes, strung like pieces of rope. In fact, they all handled the snakes precisely as if they were skeins of yarn, with the single exception of the moment when they snatched them from the ground.

Once or twice there was a brief struggle between the snake-gatherer and the fallen snake. In every case which I observed the snake-gatherer brushed the snake with the feathers of his snake-whip until he uncoiled and straightened out to run. After the gatherer picked him up he was as helpless as if dead.

As the dance went on, the excitement grew. The clink of metal fringes and the patter of rattles filled the ear. The snakes dashed into the crowd, shouts and screams and laughter rose, but the wary snake-gatherer in every case caught the snake before it passed out of reach. In one or two instances when a rattlesnake ran toward the women with their basket plaques of meal, they broke into wild screams and ran. Evidently they feared the rattlesnakes quite as much as any of the white women. At last, so deep was my interest to see, I lost all sense of hearing. They all moved like figures in a dream.

During all this time, whatever the outcries among the spectators, whatever the screams or laughter among the women with the meal, the snake-priests, intent and grave, showed no trace whatever of excitement. It is absurd to speak of hypnotism or frenzy of any kind. They were not in the slightest degree moved either to fear or laughter, or even to the point of being hastened or retarded by the presence of the white man. They had a religious duty to perform, and they were carrying it forward, intent, masterful, solemn and perfectly silent. Incredible, thrilling, savage and dangerous as it appeared to us, to them it was a world-old religious ceremonial.—Harper's Weekly.

Ireland's Big Cavern.

It has remained for a Frenchman to make the first complete exploration of the largest cavern in the British islands, that at Mitchelstown, Ireland. The explorer is M. Martel, who has recently become famous for his discoveries in the caverns of France. The Mitchelstown cavern is formed in limestone, and is remarkable for the number and extent of its connected passages which, when potted upon a chart, resemble the streets of a city. The length of the cave is about a mile and a quarter, and it contains some animal inhabitants, including a species of spider, which are peculiar to it and which have their entire existence within its recesses.—Youth's Companion.

—One View.—"Don't you find children troublesome, Mrs. Tugby?" "No—our dear babes are all right, but the neighbors' youngsters worry me nearly to death"—Detroit Free Press

A WORK OF ART.

"The Texarkana Gateway to Texas and the Southwest"

Is the name of a handsome publication recently issued by the *Iron Mountain Route*, consisting of 224 pages of descriptive matter, interspersed with 600 beautiful half tone illustrations. It is the most comprehensive and, typographically, the handsomest work of its kind ever issued on the state of Texas, and is really a commercial and industrial history of the state. Anyone reading this will have an excellent idea of the vast resources of and great possibilities of the Lone Star State. The book was gotten up by the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern Railway and its connections in the State of Texas, for distribution in the North and East, with the view of attracting immigration, investors, tourists and seekers after health. It is in every way a valuable contribution to the current literature of the day, and is calculated to be of great service to the State of Texas. A copy of this publication will be mailed free on application to any passenger representative of the Missouri Pacific Railway, Iron Mountain Route, or may be had by addressing

H. C. TOWNSEND,
General Passenger Agent, St. Louis.

"WHY, Mr. Portly, you are all done up. What's the matter?" "Bicycle." "But you don't ride a wheel—" "No, but the other fellow does."—Fliegende Blaetter.

A Singular Form of Monomania.

There is a class of people, rational enough in other respects, who are certainly monomaniacs in dosing themselves. They are constantly trying experiments upon their stomachs, their bowels, their livers and their kidneys with trashy nostrums. When these organs are really out of order, if they would only use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, they would, if not hopelessly insane, perceive its superiority.

WHEN you loaf, remember the rights of busy people.—Atchison Globe.

Warner's Safe Cure

Has for a Fifth of a Century Cured all forms of . . .

KIDNEY and LIVER DISEASES,

THE DREAD BRIGHT'S DISEASE

Is but Incipient Kidney Disease.
Either are Dangerous.
Both can be Cured
If treated in time with Warner's Safe Cure.

Large bottle or new style smaller one at your druggist's. Ask for either and accept no substitute.

One Cup One Cent

Less than a cent in fact — and all Cocoa — pure Cocoa — no chemicals. — That describes Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited, - Dorchester, Mass.

"The New Woman."

BattleAx PLUG

A GREAT BIG PIECE FOR 10 CENTS

The "new woman" favors economy, and she always buys "Battle Ax" for her sweetheart. She knows that a 5-cent piece of "Battle Ax" is nearly twice as large as a 10-cent piece of other high grade brands. Try it yourself and you will see why "Battle Ax" is such a popular favorite all over the United States.

STEADY WORK WE PAY CASH WEEKLY and want men everywhere to SELL STARK TREES millions tested, proven "absolutely best." Superb outfits, new system. STARK BROTHERS, LOUISIANA, MO., ROCKPORT, ILL.

AGENTS WANTED.

Fancy Campaign Chart, 6 bright colors, 22 x 28. Nothing like it. Sample 10 cts. 100 for $6.00. Sell for 25 cents. Box 847, Cincinnati, Ohio.

EFFECTS OF A SMILE: YUCATAN KILLS IT.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

WANTED--AGENTS

For the Pearl Bryan Tragedy; is sensational and good selling book; sample and terms to agents, 25 cents; ORDER QUICK. BARCLAY & CO., 210 E. Fourth Street, Cincinnati, O.

OPIUM and WHISKY habits cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.

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THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, : : : : Editor.
CHAS. E. HABICHT, - Associate Editor.
And Business Manager.

HAZEL GREEN, KY.
THURSDAY.....Oct. 15, 1896.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For President:
WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN,
Of Nebraska.

For Vice-President:
ARTHUR SEWALL,
Of Maine.

For Congressman, Tenth District,
THOMAS Y. FITZPATRICK,
OF FLOYD COUNTY.

Democratic Electors.

Following are the Kentucky Democratic presidential electors: State at large, James P. Tarvin, of Covington, W. B. Smith, of Richmond: First district, J. C. Flourney; Second, Judge H. F. Turner; Third, W. R. Browder; Fourth, Gus Brown; Fifth, Wallace McCay; Sixth, Harvey Myers; Seventh, Robert Franklin; Eighth, R. J. Breckenridge; Ninth, W. G. Ramsey; Tenth, Thomas J. Wells; Eleventh, Henry M. Beauchamp. These are the gentlemen for whom the Democrats should vote.

☞STAMP UNDER THE ROOSTER.

GEORGIA and Florida both held state elections last week and the returns show overwhelming majorties for the Democratic tickets.

THE Madisonville Hustler, one of the most conservative and best posted newspapers in the state, says Bryan's majorities in the First and Second districts will wipe out Bradley's majority of last year.

VOTERS to the number of 80,000 registered in St. Louis on the first day the books were open. In 1892 the total vote cast in the city was a little over 72,000. With a full vote the city is Democratic, and this shows how well the Democrats will turn out for Bryan and free silver.

S. J. Roberts, chairman of the Republican state campaign committee and editor of the Lexington Leader, has declared for W. C. P. Breckenridge, congressional nominee of the McKinley annex party, and urges all good Republicans of the Seventh district to support him at the polls in November.

THE contest for the Democratic congressional nomination in the Seventh district has at last come to an end. It required forty-one ballots. On the fortieth Carroll's name was dropped, and the final ballot stood: Settle 87½, Bronston 80½. This almost insures the election of Breckenridge who will get the solid Republican vote besides having a goodly following of Democrats.

FOR the first time in the history of the state the rooster will not go at the head of the first column on the ballot. As the Republicans got the most votes at the last election the log cabin will occupy that place. The following will be the official positions:

Republican under the "log cabin" device.

Democratic under the "rooster" device.

Prohibitionist under the "Phœnix" device.

National Sound Money under the "Jefferson" device.

☞STAMP UNDER THE ROOSTER.

A GEORGIA editor, writing of the changed condition of things, says: "In 1868 there was about $40 per capita in circulation; cotton was about 30 cents a pound. The farmer then put a 500-pound bale of cotton on his wagon, took it town and sold it. He paid $40 taxes, bought a $30 cook stove, a suit of clothes for himself for $15, a dress for his wife $5, 100 pounds of meat $18, a barrel of flour $12, and went home with $30 in his pocket. Now there is about $5 of money in actual circulation per capita. The same farmer takes the same bale to town, sells it and goes to pay his taxes and finds that he has not enough by $10, gets discouraged and drunk, and goes home dead broke and anything but sober."

THE present contest should appeal to the workingmen and farmers of the country. It is their fight. They are the producers of the wealth of the nation, and to the present gold standard is due the fact that others possess the greater part of the accumulated wealth of the country. William J. Bryan is the champion of the toiling millions. He is making their fight, and if they fail to come to his aid, another opportunity may never present itself. We have gone through the years of travail and sorrow, the issue is presented. Restore free coinage of gold and silver and give a fair trial to silver, and should it not be satisfactory, it could be demonetized. Then the question would be settled. We honestly believe that free silver would at once start the industries and restore prices. No man will hold on to money that is standing still or slightly depreciating. Now property is hunting money. Under silver, money will be hunting property. The enterprising should have the best end of the string on the money question.—Greenup Democrat.

No finer tribute to the immortality of the soul has ever been delivered in the house of representatives, it is said, than the following which fell from the lips of Congressman Wm. J. Bryan, of Nebraska, in an eulogy on the late Representative Houk, of Ohio: "If the Father designs to touch with divine power the cold pulseless heart of the buried corn and make it to burst forth from its prison walls, will He leave neglected in the earth the soul of man, who was made in the image of his Creator? If He stoops to give the rosebush, whose withered blossoms float upon the autumn breeze, the sweet assurance of another spring time, will He withhold the words of hope from the sons of men when the frosts of winter come? If matter, mute and inanimate, though changed by forces of nature into multitude of forms, can never die, will the spirit of man suffer annihilation after it has paid a brief visit, like a royal guest, to this tenement of clay?"

WE sincerely believe there will be a more intelligent expression at the polls in November than has ever been given on any public question. Not since the great tariff campaign have the people paid such close attention to public exposition to the questions at issue as they have to the presentation of the money question. They are reading more, thinking more, and working more for the acquisition of knowledge and the further ance of their faith than they ever have at any time in our political history. Whatever the verdict at the polls may be, it will be as intelligent a decision as American people are capable of rendering.—Covington Commonwealth.

IT IS very amusing to see a man standing on the street corner spouting and arguing in favor of a gold standard, who has not got a foot of real estate or a dollar to his name; who is out of employment and no prospect of work, and whose credit is not good for a sack of cornmeal; who has a wife and a houseful of babies at home without proper food or raiment; who has a patch on the seat of his pants as big as a chair bottom as the only evidence of the prosperity of the workingman under the existing gold standard.

Lesson in Free Coinage.

A circumstance which happened 40 years ago has just come to light and is making converts to the silver cause by the dozen. Wm. J. Robinson, a wealthy farmer residing eight miles northwest of Greensburg, Ind., had his house destroyed by fire 40 years ago. At the time of the fire he had $80, half of which was silver and the other half gold, laid away in one of the presses.

The heat melted the coins so that they ran together, forming a homogeneous mass. This was afterward sent to the mint for recoinage and the owner received dollar for dollar for both gold and silver. Under the present law $18.80 of this amount would have been repudiated. He would have received $40 for the gold, but at the rate of 53 cents to the dollar he would have received only $21.20 for the silver bullion, making $51.20 for his $80.

This is a clear object lesson to his neighbors, who say they want an honest dollar—one that will not turn to ashes in the hands of widowhood or helpless orphanage.

Women who are weak and nervous who have no appetite and can not sleep, find strength and vigor in Hood's Sarsaparilla.

WANTED—SEVERAL FAITHFUL MEN or women to travel for responsible established house in Kentucky. Salary $780, payable $15 weekly and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self addressed envelope. The National, Star Building, Chicago. 23-48

Contributed.]

Some Plain Facts.

As most of the Republican campaign speakers persist in putting the tariff to the front as a campaign issue, and especially the protection of steel rails and wool, I would like to ask, who has been benefited by the McKinley tariff? What mills advanced wages to their workmen during the time it was in effect? I challenge anyone to prove that it was done in a single instance. On the other hand many mills and factories reduced wages, conspicuous among these the Carnegie mills at Homestead, Pa., which caused one of the bloodiest wars ever known between capital and labor. Instead of raising wages as they had promised, they issued a circular to their men stating that on the 1st day of July, '92, a new scale of wages would be made which reduced the wages from 20 to 60 per cent, or an average of about 32 per cent a day. Did the price of steel reduce accordingly? It did not. The mills got the full benefit of the tariff, $4 per ton on rails. The price advanced from $26 per ton to $30 per ton, giving the mills a net profit of about $17 per ton. It was shown conclusively by the investigation of a congressional committee that the net profit previous to the addition of the tariff had been about $13 per ton, the tariff adding a profit of $4 making $17. I can not see by this method where anyone except the manufacturer was benefited, as England could continue to ship her rails with the same profit she had previous to the tariff.

As to wool. The price of raw wool did not advance, while the price of woolen goods advanced nearly one-third, giving all the profit to the manufacturer and none to the wool grower. In fact, wool declined in price and the wool grower lost instead of gaining by it.

All who have carefully studied the effects of a high protective tariff and been in the large manufacturing centers, must agree with me that the laborer and farmer were not benefited by it, either by rise of raw material or wages, but the mills did advance prices to the topmost limit, enabling foreign manufacturers to ship their goods at the same old profit, while our American manufacturers reaped a rich harvest. Now, we are not opposed to manufacturers making a profit on their goods, but we are opposed to their getting rich at our expense under the guise of protection which does not protect, and I do not think that the laborers and farmers will be again so blind as to vote for a high tariff after the experience they have had.

As to the money question, which is of course the most important. It is almost useless for me to touch on that as the people are thoroughly awake and have read and studied the question until they know exactly what to do. The only arguments the Republicans and the Palmer-Buckner Republican aid society have, is tirade and abuse for silver men, and especially that most patriotic statesman who will carry our banner to victory in November, Wm. J. Bryan, the laborers' friend. What laborer would think of voting against Bryan and the laborers' interests for Hanna's tin whistle, the unstable McKinley, who hadn't the nerve or backbone to speak out and tell where he stood until after the St. Louis convention. A man who allows himself to be controlled by one of the greatest labor crushers in America, to-wit: Mark Hanna.

The Republicans want a single gold standard for the same reason they want a high tariff. It gives them a chance to centralize wealth and crush labor. Give us free coinage of both gold and silver and a tariff for revenue only, and labor and industry will prosper as it never has before. Such arguments as a 53-cent dollar, and benefit to the mine owner alone, are myths and won't bear inspection. Can't anyone see that the one or the other is compelled to be false? If it gives the mine owner a 100-cent dollar there could be no 53-cent dollar for it would pass by all alike. If it made a 53-cent dollar, then it would not profit the mine owner, so he would not be for it on that score. In fact every argument they have is rotten and will not bear honest inspection. J. M. HAVENS.

Hazel Green, Oct. 13.

THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD and the Cincinnati Enquirer, one year, $1.

Land Sale for Taxes.

By virtue of taxes due School district No. 30, for the school year ending June 30, 1896, I will on SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1896, between the hours of 1 and 4 o'clock, p. m., at J. G. Taulbee's store, offer for sale the following described real estate, it being the property of the Irvine Lumber Company, Co., to-wit: Known as the Meadow Branch, and bounded by the lands of Isaac Elkins, J. M. Terrell and D. R. Profitt. The amount of said tax is $21, costs $2, total $23. Sold by me as treasurer of said district.

J. W. NAPIER.

Good Judges Say That Our

Suits $5.00 7.50 10.00

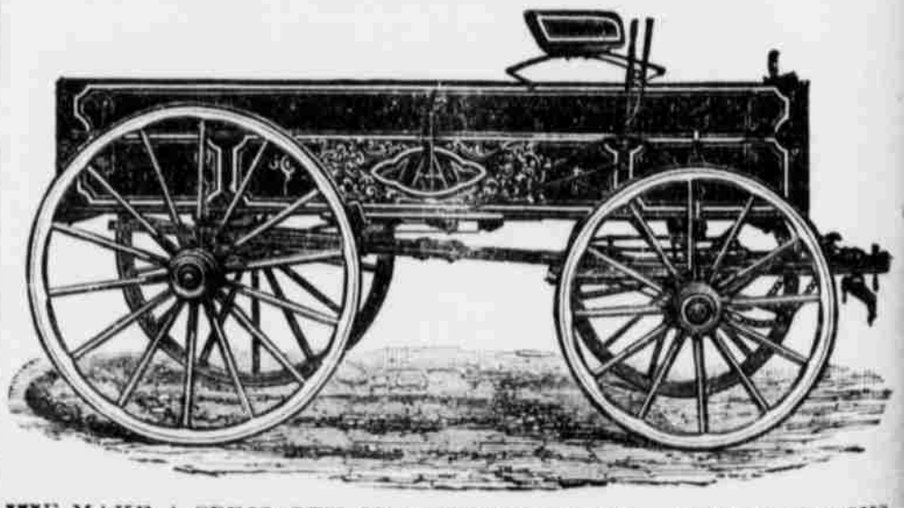
ARE THE BEST IN THE CITY.

Next week we will put on sale 100 pairs of MEN'S ALL-WOOL BLACK CHEVIOT PANTS at

$1.50 per Pair.

LOUIS AND GUS STRAUS,
LEADING CLOTHIERS
LEXINGTON AND SOMERSET,
KENTUCKY.

ROSE & DAVIS
PRACTICAL
BLACKSMITHS AND WAGON MAKERS,
HAZEL GREEN, KENTUCKY.



WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF BUILDING FARM and ROAD WAGONS, use the Best Material and Guarantee Satisfaction. Call and get our prices, and when you need anything of the kind give me your order. Patronize Home People, get only Honest Work, and be Happy.

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TALMAGE'S WARNING.

Danger to the Youth Lurks in the Thronged Streets of the City.

The Thoroughfares of the Time to Come Will Be as Safe as Those of the Heralded Paradise—Churches Not So Crowded as Once They Were.

Dr. Talmage's text Sunday was Zechariah viii: 5 "And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof."

Glimpses of our cities redeemed! Now, boys and girls who play in the streets run such risks that multitudes of them end in ruin. But, in the coming time spoken of, our cities will be so moral that lads and lasses shall be as safe in the public thoroughfares as in the nursery.

Pulpit and printing press for the most part in our day are busy in discussing the condition of the cities at this time, but would it not be healthfully encouraging to all Christian workers and to all who are toiling to make the world better, if we should for a little while look forward to the time when our cities shall be revolutionized by the Gospel of the Son of God, and all the darkness of sin and trouble and crime and suffering shall be gone from the world?

Every man has a pride in the city of his nativity or residence, if it be a city distinguished for any dignity or prowess. Cæsar boasted of his native Rome, Virgil of Mantau, Lycurgus of Sparta, Demosthenes of Athens, Archimedes of Syracuse, and Paul of Tarsus. I should have suspicion of base-heartedness in a man who had no especial interest in the city of his birth or residence, no exhilaration at the evidence of its prosperity or its artistic embellishments, or its intellectual advancement.

I have noticed that a man never likes a city where he has not behaved well. People who have had a free ride in the prison van never like the city that furnishes the vehicle. When I find Argos, and Rhodes, and Smyrna trying to prove themselves the birthplace of Homer, I conclude at once that Homer behaved well. He liked them and they liked him. We must not war on laudable city pride, or with the idea of pulling ourselves up at any time, try to pull others down. Boston must continue to point to its Faneuil Hall and to its common, and to its superior educational advantages. Philadelphia must continue to point to its Independence hall, and its mint, and its Girard college. Washington must continue to point to its wondrous capitoline buildings. If I should find a man coming down from any city, having no pride in that city, that city having been the place of his nativity, or now being the place of his residence, I would feel like asking: "What mean thing have you done there? What outrageous thing have you been guilty of that you do not like the place?"

I think we ought—and I take it for granted you are interested in this great work of evangelizing the cities and saving the world—we ought to toil with the sunlight in our faces. We are not fighting in a miserable Bull Run of defeat. We are on our way to final victory. We are not following the rider on the black horse, leading us down to death and darkness and doom, but the rider on the white horse, with the moon under his feet and the stars of Heaven for his tiara. Hail, Conqueror, hail!

I know there are sorrows, and there are sins, and there are sufferings all around us, but as in some bitter, cold winter day, when we are threshing our arms to keep our thumbs from freezing, we think of the warm spring day that will after awhile come; or in the dark, winter night we look up and see the northern lights, the windows of Heaven illuminated by some great victory—just so we look up from the night of suffering and sorrow and wretchedness in our cities, and we see a light streaming through from the other side, and we know we are on the way to morning—more than that, on the way "to a morning without clouds."

I want you to understand, all you who are toiling for Christ, that the castles of sin are all going to be captured. The victory for Christ in these great towns is going to be so complete that not a man on earth, or an angel in Heaven, or a devil in Hell will dispute it. How do I know? I know just as certainly as God lives and that this is holy truth. The old Bible is full of it. If the nation is to be saved, of course all the cities are to be saved. It makes a great difference with you and with me whether we are toiling on toward defeat, or toiling on toward a victory.

Now, in this municipal elevation of which I speak, I have to remark there will be greater financial prosperity than our cities have ever seen. Some people seem to have a morbid idea of the millennium, and they think when the better time comes to our cities and the world people will give their time up to psalm-singing and the relating of their religious experience, and, as all social life will be purified there will be no hilarity, and, as all business will be purified, there will be no enterprise. There is no ground for such an absurd anticipation. In the time of which I speak, where now one fortune is made there will be one hundred made. We all know business prosperity depends upon confidence between man and man. Now when that time comes of which I speak, and when all double dealing, all dishonesty, and all frauds are gone out of commercial circles, thorough confidence will be established and there will be better business done, and larger fortunes gathered, and mightier success achieved.

The great business disasters of this country have come from the work of godless speculators and infamous stock gamblers. The great foe to business is crime. When the right shall have hurled back the wrong, and shall have purified the commercial code, and shall have thundered down fraudulent establishments, and shall have put into the hands of honest men the keys of business, blessed time for the bargain-makers. I am not talking an abstraction, I am not making a guess. I am telling you God's eternal truth.

In that day of which I speak, taxes will be a mere nothing. Now, our business men are taxed for everything. City taxes, county taxes, state taxes, United States taxes, stamp taxes, license taxes, manufacturing taxes—taxes, taxes, taxes! Our business men have to make a small fortune every year to pay their taxes. What fastens on our great industries this awful load? Crime, individual and official. We have to pay the board of the villains who are incarcerated in our prisons. We have to take care of the orphans of those who plunged into their graves through sensual indulgences. We have to support the municipal governments, which are vast and expensive just in proportion as the criminal proclivities are vast and tremendous. Who support the almshouses and police stations, and all the machinery of municipal government? The taxpayers.

But in the glorious time of which I speak, grievous taxation will all have ceased. There will be no need of supporting criminals. There will be no criminals. Virtue will have taken the place of vice. There will be no orphan asylums, for parents will be able to leave a competency to their children. There will be no voting of large sums of money for some municipal improvement, which moneys, before they get to the improvements, drop into the pockets of those who voted them. No oyer and terminer kept up at vast expense to the people. No empaneling of juries to try theft and arson and murder and slander and blackmail. Better factories, grader architecture, finer equipage, larger fortunes, richer opulence, better churches.

In that better time, also, coming to those cities, Christ's churches will be more numerous, and they will be larger, and they will be more devoted to the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and they will accomplish greater influences for good. Now, it is often the case that churches are envious of each other, and denominations collide with each other, and even ministers of Christ sometimes forget the bond of brotherhood. But in the time of which I speak, while there will be just as many differences of opinion as there are now, there will be no acerbity, no hypercriticism, no exclusiveness.

In our great cities the churches are not to-day large enough to hold more than a fourth of the population. The churches that are built, comparatively few of them are fully occupied. The average attendance in the churches of the United States to-day is not 400. Now, in the glorious time of which I speak, there are going to be vast churches, and they are going to be all thronged with worshippers. Oh, what rousing songs they will sing! Oh, what earnest sermons they will preach! Oh, what fervent prayers they will offer!

Now, in our time, what is called a fashionable church is a place where a few people, having attended very carefully to their toilet, come and sit down—they do not want to be crowded; they like a whole seat to themselves—and then, if they have any time left from thinking of their store, and from examining the style of the hat in front of them, they sit and listen to a sermon warranted to hit no man's sins, and listen to music which is rendered by a choir warranted to sing tunes that nobody knows! And then, after an hour and a half of indolent yawning, they go home refreshed. Every man feels better after he has had a sleep!

In many of the churches of Christ in our day the music is simply a mockery. I have not a cultivated ear, nor a cultivated voice, yet no man can do my singing for me. I have nothing to say against artistic music. The $2 or $5 I pay to hear any of the great queens of song is a good investment. But when the good people assemble in religious convocation, and the hymn is read, and the angels of God step from their throne to catch the music on their wings, do not let us drive them away by our indifference. I have preached in churches where vast sums of money were employed to keep up the music, and it was as exquisite as any heard on earth, but I thought at the same time for all matters practical I would prefer the hearty, outbreaking song of a backwoods Methodist camp meeting.

Let one of these starveling fancy songs sung in church get up before the throne of God, how would it seem standing amid the great doxologies of the redeemed? Let the finest operatic air that ever went up from the Church of Christ get many hours the start, it will be caught and passed by the hosanna of the Sabbath-school children. I know a church where the choir did all the singing, save one Christian man, who, through "perseverance of the saints," went right on, and afterward a committee was appointed to wait on him and ask him if he would not please stop singing, as he bothered the choir.

"Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God:
But children of the Heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad."

"Praise ye the Lord; let everything with breath praise the Lord." In the glorious time coming in our cities, and in the world, hosanna will meet hosanna, and hallelujah, hallelujah.

In that time also of which I speak, all the haunts of iniquity and crime and squalor will be cleansed and will be illuminated. How is it to be done? You say, perhaps, by one influence. Perhaps I say by another. I will tell you what is my idea, and I know I am right in it: The Gospel of the Son of God is the only agency that will ever accomplish this.

A gentleman in England had a theory that if the natural forces of wind and tide and sunshine and wave were rightly applied and rightly developed it would make this whole earth a paradise. In a book of great genius, and which rushed from edition to edition, he said: "Fellow-men, I promise to show the means of creating a paradise within ten years, where everything desirable for haman life may be had by every man in superabundance without labor and without pay—where the whole face of nature shall be changed into the most beautiful farms, and man may live in the most magnificent palaces, in all imaginable refinements of luxury, and in the most delightful gardens—where he may accomplish without labor in one year more than hitherto could be done in thousands of years. From the houses to be built will be afforded the most cultured views that can be fancied. From the galleries, from the roof, and from the turrets, may be seen gardens as far as the eye can see, full of fruit and flowers, arranged in the most beautiful order, with walks, colonnades, aqueducts, canals, ponds, plains, amphitheaters, terraces, fountains, sculptured work, pavilions, gondolas, places of popular amusement, to lure the eye and fancy. All this to be done by urging the water, the wind and the sunshine to their full development."

He goes on and gives plates of the machinery by which this work is to be done, and he says he only needs at the start a company in which the shares shall be $20 each, and a hundred or two hundred thousand shall be raised just to make a specimen community, and then, this being formed, the world will see its practicability, and very soon two or three million dollars can be obtained, and in 10 years the whole earth will be emparadised. The plan is not so preposterous as some I have heard of. But I will take no stock in that company! I do not believe that it will ever be done in that way, by any mechanical force, or by any machinery that the human mind can put into play. It is to be done by the Gospel of the Son of God—the omnipotent machinery of love and grace and pardon and salvation. This is to emparadise the nations. Archimedes destroyed a fleet of ships coming in the harbor. You know how he did it? He lifted a great sun glass, history tells us, and when the first fleet of ships came up the harbor of Syracuse he brought to bear this sun glass, and he focused the sun's rays upon those ships. Now the sails are wings of fire, the masts fall, the vessels sink. Oh, my friends, by the sun glass of the Gospel converging the rays of the sun of Righteousness upon the sins, the wickedness of the world, we will make them blaze and expire!

In the day of which I speak, do you believe there will be any midnight carousal? Will there be any kicking off from the marble steps of the shivering mendicants? Will there be any unwashed, unfed, uncombed children? Will there be any blasphemies in the streets? Will there be any inebriates staggering past? No. No wine stores. No lager beer saloons. No distilleries, where they make the three X's. No bloodshot eye. No bloated cheek. No instruments of ruin and destruction. No fist-pounded forehead. The grandchildren of that woman who goes down the street with a curse, stoned by the boys that follow her, will be the reformers and philanthropists and the Christian men and the honest merchants of our cities.

Then, what municipal governments, too, we will have in all the cities. Some cities are worse than others, but in many of our cities you just walk down by the city halls and look in some of the rooms occupied by politicians, and see to what a sensual, loathsome, ignorant, besotted crew city politics is oftened abandoned. Or they stand around the city hall picking their teeth, waiting for some emoluments of crumbs to fall to their feet, waiting all day long, and waiting all night long.

Who are those wretched women taken up for drunkenness, and carried up to the courts and put in prison of course? What will you do with the grog shops that make them drink? Nothing. Who are those prisoners in jail? One of them stole a pair of shoes. That boy stole a dollar. This girl snatched a purse. All of them crimes damaging society less than $20 or $30. But what will you do with the gambler who last night robbed the young man of a thousand dollars? Nothing. What shall be done with that one who breaks through and destroys the purity of a Christian home, and with an adroitness and perfidy that beats the strategy of hell, flings a shrinking, shrieking soul into ruin. Nothing. What will you do with those who fleece the young man, getting him to purloin large sums of money from his employer—the young man who came to an officer of my church and told the story, and frantically asked what he should do. Nothing.

Ah! we do well to punish small crimes; but I have sometimes thought it would be better in some of our cities if the officials would only turn out from the jails the petty criminals, the little offenders, ten-dollar desperadoes, and put in their places some of the monsters of iniquity who drive swiftly that honest men have to leap to get out of the way of being run over. Oh, the damnable schemes that professed Christian men will sometimes engage in until God puts the finger of His retribution into the collar of their robe of hypocrisy and rips it clear to the bottom! But all these wrongs will be righted. I expect to live to see the day. I think I hear in the distance the rumbling of the King's chariot. Not always in the minority is the Church of God going to be, or are good men going to be. The streets are going to be filled with regenerated populations. Three hundred and sixty bells rang in Moscow when one prince was married; but, when righteousness and peace kiss each other in all the earth, ten thousand times ten thousand bells shall strike the jubilee. Poverty enriched. Ignorance enlightened. All the cities saved. Is not this a cause worth working in?

Oh, you think sometimes it does not amount to much! You toil on in your differsnt spheres, sometimes with great discouragement. People have no faith, and say: "It does not amount to anything. You might as well quit." Why, when Moses stretched his hand over the Red sea it did not seem to mean anything especially. People came out, I suppose, and said, "Aha!" Some of them found out what he wanted to do. He wanted the sea parted. It did not amount to anything, this stretching out of his hand over the sea. But, after awhile, the wind blew all night from the east, and the waters were gathered into a glittering palisade on either side, and the billows reared as God pulled back on their crystal bits! Wheel into line; O, Israel, march! march march! Pearls crashed under feet. Flying spray gathers into rainbow arch of victory for the conquerors to march under. Shout of hosts on the beach answering the shout of hosts amid sea. And when the last line of Israelites reach the beach, the cymbals clap, and the shields clang, and the waters rush over the pursuers, and the swift-fingered wings on the white keys of the foam play the grand march of Israel delivered and the awful dirge of Egyptian overthrow.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

THE Carlists in Spain have been unusually active lately and are said to be perfectly organized.

KEY WEST is greatly excited over the report that the Spanish authorities in Cuba are plotting the destruction of that city by introducing a band of incendiaries in the guise of Cuban sympathizers.

BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON has written a public letter in which he declares that he will reside hereafter in Germany permanently on account of the persistent attacks on him by Norwegian papers.

AT Tuscumbia, Ala., Bryant Lacey, a young lad, was shot and fatally wounded by his father. The boy was walking in his sleep just before daybreak and his father thought he was a burglar.

THE Mobile Registers fifty-sixth annual trade edition shows very great growth of that city since the channel was opened from the city to deep water. The value of foreign exports this year is $17,000,000, as against $5,175,000 last year.

MISS FANNY CROSBY, the hymn writer, is now more than 70 years of age. Though she has been blind almost from birth, she is always happy and cheerful. Among the hymns which she has written are "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" and "Rescue the Perishing."

IT is a curious fact that in spite of its great brilliance, the electric light does not carry so far through fog as gaslight, and for that reason it is not in favor for lighthouses. It is now proposed, however, to try the incandescent gas light, which is cheap, and is said to carry farther in bad weather than either an electric light or an ordinary gas light.

THE statistics of the Florida bureau of agriculture show that for the years 1889 and 1893, inclusive, the sugar product was 6,948,170 pounds, worth $477,250.42, besides 253,363 barrels of sirup, worth $2,721,652.47, making a total valuation of $3,198,902.89. The destruction of the Cuban crop this year should greatly stimulate the sugar industry in Florida and other states.

A CRUSADE has been started in London in favor of bread baked at home. London housekeepers, rich or poor, never think of baking their own bread. The bread consumed by the poor is baked under frightful conditions in cellars. One expert says that half the dyspepsia would disappear if Londoners would bake their own bread. Another argues that disease is spread by the bakers. Pieces of bread have been analyzed and found to be swarming with microbes. The heat in baking kills those near the crust, but not those in the center of the loaf.

WHY PROSPERITY HALTS.

What It Costs the People to Maintain the Gold Standard.

The days are just as long, the soil is just as productive, the sun shines just as brightly and the rains are just as refreshing. Our housewives are far more economical and the opportunities for bettering our condition should not be fewer.

Still, prices are falling. Real estate is a poor investment. Business enterprises far more of receiverships than profits. Mortgages are being foreclosed and deficiency judgments entered. The courts are busy running bankrupt railroads at the instance of bondholders. Money at interest at three per cent. is more profitable than in employing labor in industrial enterprises. The nation is a constant borrower, and although taxes are an excessive burden from the national government down to our municipalities, the public revenue is insufficient.

This sort of thing has been going on for more than 20 years.

Unless things change there is no certainty for the future but universal bankruptcy.

The excuse given for the deplorable state of affairs by those who advocate the gold standard is that there has been overproduction. In other words, we have been made poor by reason of having too much wealth. People are starving because they have too much to eat. Railroads are going into bankruptcy because there are too large crops to move. Men are in rags because the sheep have produced too much wool.

The conditions that exist are these:

All men would like to have on hand plenty of flour. From the gold men's statistics the supply of wheat seems to be adequate. The men who own the wheat would like to exchange it for money, but the people who need the wheat have no money to give in exchange. Real estate has fallen in value until no one can readily tell what it is worth. There are numberless people who would like to own homes, and there are plenty of people who would like to sell land. But the people who want homes cannot raise the money to exchange for the land, and the result is very unsatisfactory to both parties. There are hundreds of thousands of industrious men and women who would like to make an exchange of their labor for money, in order to exchange the money thus received for things which they really need, but the owners of money cannot find profitable investments upon a falling market and hence hoard it in banks or loan it at interest and the working men and the working women go without employment. Horses are ridiculously cheap, and many people would prefer riding to walking. The men who own the horses need money and would like to sell, but the mass of the people keep on tramping, for some could not afford a horse, even if he could be purchased for two bits.

We have, then, plenty of labor which is seeking a market. We have manifold opportunities awaiting the touch of money to spring into beneficent life. We have an amply supply of the necessities of life, and yet, with bursting granaries, there are needed more pauper houses. With ample wealth on every hand there is a demand for more policemen to club down crime born of squalor and misery.

On the other hand, gigantic fortunes have been accumulated in the hands of a few people. While hundreds of thousands suffer, it is possible for a Whitney, through the magic of his wealth, to transform 7,000 acres of wild land into a pleasure garden for his children in less than 20 days. Impecunious lords of the old world have no difficulty in exchanging their titles for the daughters of our millionaires, while many honest workingmen cannot sell their labor at any price. The beneficiaries of this vicious condition insist that it shall continue upon the false plea of "honest money." The peculiar advantages which they secure may be the real reason why they denounce their suffering fellow-countrymen as "anarchists," and violently rail because a cry of distress sometimes rings above the chink of their gold. As other people suffer they gain. The distress of the government is their source of profit. Take, as an illustration, the story of the great bond syndicate, as told by a gold paper of New York city on February 21, 1895. The result of the figures produced is astounding. This is how the account stands between the government, the representatives of the people and the syndicate:

Face of loan	$62,315,000
Syndicate premium at 104.49	2,797,948
United States gets	65,112,943
Syndicate profit to 112.50	4,835,644
What inside jobbers pay	69,498,587
Inside jobbers' profit to 118	3,583,113
The public pay and the United States should have received	73,531,700
United States lost	8,418,757

PROFIT AND LOSS.

Belmont & Morgan buy $62,315,000 at 104.49	$65,112,943
Belmont & Morgan sell $62,315,000 at 112.25	69,948,587
Belmont & Morgan profit	4,835,644
Inside jobbers buy $62,315,000 at 112.25	69,948,587
Inside jobbers sell $62,315,000 at 118	73,531,700
Inside jobbers' profit	3,583,113
General public buy $62,315,000 at 118	73,531,700
Loss by United States to jobbers	8,418,757

And this is but a drop in the bucket of what it is costing the people to maintain the gold standard. If the loss in dollars and cents were all the situation would not be so grievous. But, unfortunately, the suffering entailed cannot be measured. It is sapping the life from American manhood and womanhood. It is fattening the tiger in man already crouching to spring at the throat of our social system. Its wage is death.—Judge O. W. Powers, in Chicago Record.

LATE STATE NEWS.

Clay City is trying to have monthly stock sales established there.

The Christian church at Corydonville will erect a new $3,500 building.

Three men were killed at Pikeville last week by the premature explosion of a blast.

Col. Robert P. Tedhunter, the well known Lexington turfman, died last week of cancer of the stomach.

Mrs. Josephine K. Henry, a Versailles woman suffragist, has taken the stump for Bryan, Sewall and Free Silver.

Ben Lee Hardin will sue the Louisville Commercial for damages for charging him with making incendiary speeches.

John Marshall, of Louisville, has been appointed special judge to try the White-Colson contest in the Eleventh district.

An Owen county farmer exhibited at the Liberty fair last week a chester white pig four months old that weighed 248 pounds.

Mrs. Will Gregg, while drawing a bucket of water at her home in Sturgis, fell headlong into the well and was drowned.

While standing alone in his yard Hilliard Garnett, residing near Newstead, Christian county, suddenly fell to the ground and expired.

Elder J. S. Sweeney has been again chosen as pastor of the Christian church at Paris. This will make his twenty-seventh consecutive year.

The ladies of Lancaster have petitioned the city "dads" to pass a curfew law forbidding boys under 18 to be on the streets after 8 o'clock at night.

Suit for $25,000 damages was filed at Stanford by Mrs. Scott for the death of her son, J. F. Scott, who was killed in a wreck at Rowland a few weeks ago.

The sale of the Richmond, Nicholasville, Irvine and Beattyville railroad has been postponed until some time in December, the day not having been set.

While the mother was hanging out clothes, an infant child of Thomas Kirby, living in Madison county, crawled to a tub of suds, fell in and was drowned.

Herman Farley, of Berea, was shot from the roadside, but not seriously hurt. He fell and feigned death while the would be murderer robbed him and got away.

Alex Rucker, who was sent up from Clark county for five years for housebreaking, was discharged from the penitentiary last week, his time having expired.

The Milton News says that down in Trimble county there are fifteen bachelors in one school district and only one unmarried girl. That is nearly sixteen to one.

A pumpkin with seeds sprouting inside and sending forth shoots from one to three inches long with green tips, attracted much attention in Winchester recently.

Babe Harris is called the champion squirrel killer of Graves county, being credited with a record of 117 squirrels out of 123 shots in three hunts, all within a week.

One liberal Boyle county man will give a thousand dollars to a public infirmary in Danville, if others will contribute enough to start a respectable institution of this kind.

Ed Breen, a young farmer of Fleming county, died from wounds inflicted upon him by him Robert McDonald, a neighboring farmer, a short time since. The quarrel resulted over politics.

Mrs. Critie Boddie, aged 70, while sitting alone in her cabin near Lafayette, Christian county, dozing, fell into the fire and was so badly burned that she died soon after in terrible agony.

The Hardinsburg Leader, which suspended publication soon after the November (1895) election, has been revived by I. E. McClure, and comes out squarely for McKinley and hard times.

Barren county is rejoicing over the largest crop of sweet potatoes ever raised within her borders. Now if the 'possum crop corresponds, the good people of that community will live like lords this fall.

Two masked men entered the house of Daniel Pullen, a well to do farmer of Breckenridge county, and demanded his money. He tried to remonstrate, but they covered him with their guns, compelled him to hand over $160 and departed.

The sale of B. J. Treacy's trotters, at Lexington, last week, did not pan out well. Bermuda, the well known sire, was knocked down for $650. The average price for all animals sold was about $140.

The Boyle circuit court set aside the verdict of $15,000 awarded Mrs. Jennie Shumaker against the Louisville and Nashville railroad for causing the death of her husband, and the case will come up for trial again in January.

A. H. Cardin, of Marion, has addressed an open letter to the planters of Kentucky, urging them to grow no tobacco in 1897, and to hold this year's crop, arguing that they can get as much for the one crop as they would otherwise receive for two.

The papers in the Walling case have reached the court of appeals The package weighed seventeen pounds. It is said that the decision in the Jackson case will be withheld until the Walling case has been heard, and that the two decisions will be handed down at the same time.

NEWS NUGGETS.

Forest fires have destroyed large tracts of timber in Los Angeles county, Cal.

While looking out of the cab window, Richard Brock, a fireman, had his head knocked off near Stanton, Del.

Near Rushville, Ind., a carriage containing five people was upset, and three of them sustained serious, if not fatal, injuries.

Anse Dewey, a sawmill hand near Pennington Gap, Va., backed against a saw which was in motion and was slashed to pieces.

Great damage has been done to rice crops around Savannah, Ga., by high water. Several wharves at Savannah are submerged.

The public schools at Kokomo, Ind., were closed one day last week to give the teachers and pupils an opportunity to hear Bryan speak.

Michael's university, at Logansport, Ind., was completely destroyed by fire last week. The students, 150 in number, barely escaped with their lives.

Lillard F. Ragland, of Texas, a messenger in the treasury department at Washington, D. C., committed suicide in preference to marrying the girl of his choice.

Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Ebersault, of Hicksville, Ind., have discovered that they are brother and sister, having been separated when infants. They have two children.

Albert Bray, of Hamilton county, Ind., cut the throats of his wife and two children and then cut his own throat. Bray lived several hours, but the others died almost at once.

Six times in half a year has a clergyman's horse run away with him at Carthage, Mo., and he is having difficulty in holding to the belief that there is still some soul of goodness in things evil.

John Sibert, a traveling snake charmer, took a live rattler from its cage at Guthrie, O. T., and the reptile fastened its fangs in his arm. Physicians were called, but Sibert died in a few hours in great agony.

Two alleged Mormon elders are reported to have abducted Sarah and Mary Scott, daughters of a well to do farmer of Boone county, W. Va. If the elders are caught, a coat of tar and feathers awaits them.

A Bryan flag, 71 feet long and 40 feet wide, was stretched across lower Broadway, New York, from the Equitable to the Borell building, one day last week. Six hundred yards of bunting were used in its making.

Seven pickpockets were arrested at Indianapolis, Ind., during the recent Bryan demonstration while plying their vocation. They had followed Bryan through the south and back working nearly every crowd.

Willis DeGood, an Ohio farmer, has a sow which has seventeen pigs. Sixteen are white and one is yellow. Mr. DeGood being an advocate of the 16 to 1 rule, considers the strange litter prophetic of coming events.

Otto B. Anderson and Miss Ora Houdlette, a loving couple, attempted suicide by the opium route, at Little Rock, last week. They sat down on the steps of a school house and awaited death, but were found before life was extinct.

While starting a fire at her home near Pickerington, O., Mrs. Strawn attempted to hasten it by pouring on the oil from a lamp, which exploded. Her clothing and that of her four year old son, standing by her side, were saturated with the burning oil and both died in a short time from their burns.

In Buffalo Center, Io., corn is 10 cents per bushel, and the school board has decided to discard coal and burn corn. This is the gold standard price. The gold standard is a good thing. It puts the farmer in competition with the coal miner.

A Daviess county, Indiana, man recently went to a saloon, got drunk, started home, fell and broke his collar bone, besides getting otherwise bruised. He has brought suit in the sum of $2,000 damages against the man who sold him the liquor. The action is brought under a law that is on the statute books of the state.

Postmaster General Wislson has issued an order prohibiting such notices as "please send out" or "please post up" being placed on wrappers of third class matter. Such notices will subject the matter to first class rates. The words "personal" or "to be called for" are deemed part of the address and are permissible.

Two bicyclists robbed a bank in Sherburne, Minn., and escaped after killing the cashier and a bystander. Posses started in pursuit and tracked one of them to a deserted cabin. He came out, shot one of the pursuers dead, and then sent a bullet crashing through his own brain, fearing lynching if caught.

The city of Topeka, Kas., has enacted a curfew law. It provides that all children under sixteen years of age found on the streets or in public places unaccompanied by guardians after 9 p. m. in summer and 8 p. m. in winter, shall be arrested and fined not less than $5 nor more than $25. The fire bell will ring every evening fifteen minutes before the hour.

A curious freak of lightning is reported from Denver, Col. A fierce storm broke over that city last week and a bolt hit a house in which Annie Peterson, a domestic, was employed. The lightning struck her and knocked her insensible. A physician was called. His examination showed that the woman was unharmed, except that several of her teeth had been knocked out by the bolt.

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